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BLADE RUNNER™

THE OFFICIAL COMICS
ADAPTATION OF THE NEW
SCIENCE FICTION THRILLER
STARRING HARRISON FORD!



A
CLASSIC
BY
ARCHIE GOODWIN,
AL WILLIAMSON,
AND CARLOS
GARZON!



STAR LEE PRESENTS: A MARVEL MOVIE SPECIAL

THE OFFICIAL COMICS ADAPTATION OF THE HIT FILM!

BLADE RUNNER

THE CITY IS VAST, ITS LEVELS DEEP, ITS TOWERS ARE TALL, MONUMENTS OF STONE AND GLASS THRUSTING OUT OF PERPETUAL SMOG AND MIST RIVALED ONLY BY EXPLODING PLUMES OF INDUSTRIAL FIRE.

AND FEW TOWERS STAND TALLER OR LOOM MORE MONUMENTALLY THAN THE MASSIVE PYRAMID WHICH HOUSES THE TYRELL CORPORATION.



Adapted by ARCHIE GOODWIN
Penciled by AL WILLIAMSON and CARLOS GARZON
Inked by AL WILLIAMSON, CARLOS GARZON,
DAN GREEN and RALPH REESE
Colored by MARIE BEVERIN Lettered by ED KING
Edited by JIM BALDWIN
Editor-in-Chief JIM SHOOTER

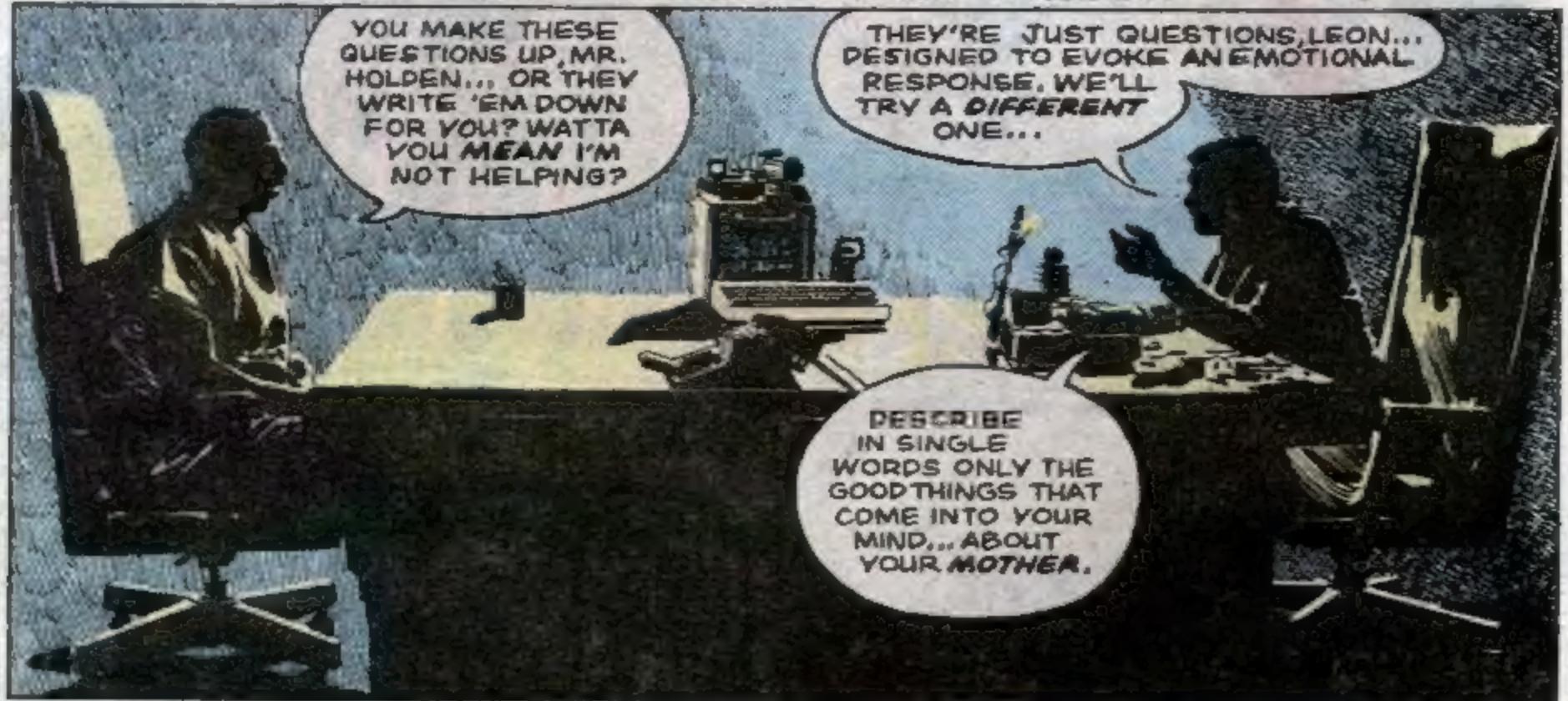
JERRY PERENCHIO and BUD YORKIN PRESENT
SCREENPLAY BY HAMPTON FANCHER and DAVID PEOPLES
CREATIVE PRODUCER BRIAN KELLY and HAMPTON FANCHER
PRODUCED BY MICHAEL DEELEY DIRECTED BY RIDLEY SCOTT

Paramount Technicolor & Dolby — IN SELECTED THEATRES
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THE ROOM IS LARGE AND HUMID. SINCE TAKING HIS PLACE THERE, THE BIG MAN IN THE WORK CLOTHES HAS GROWN INCREASINGLY UNCOMFORTABLE. AGITATED. HIS INTERROGATOR COOLLY STUDIES THE DIALS ON THE COMPACT MACHINE BETWEEN THEM. MEASURING. SEARCHING.



THE BIG MAN MOVES TOWARD THE DOOR. THEN STOPS, AND WITH A LITTLE SMILE OF SATISFACTION...

...TURNS AND FIRES AGAIN.

LEON DEPARTS, LEAVING BEHIND HIM DESTRUCTION...AND A SMALL MACHINE WITH THE TRADE NAME VOIGT-KAMPF...

...WHOSE SOLITARY, EYE-LIKE LIGHT GOES RIGHT ON STEADILY BLINKING-BLINKING-BLINKING.

That's how it ended for Holden. It began for me on the streets with the usual rain, the usual crowds. And the loudspeaker blare of a recruiting blimp somewhere above.

SUPERVISORY PERSONNEL! FAMILY MAKERS! WE NEED YOU! THE DOMINGUEZ-SHIMATA COLONY NEEDS YOU!

Give yourself a brand new world! If you meet health and experience qualifications for offworld emigration...we need you!

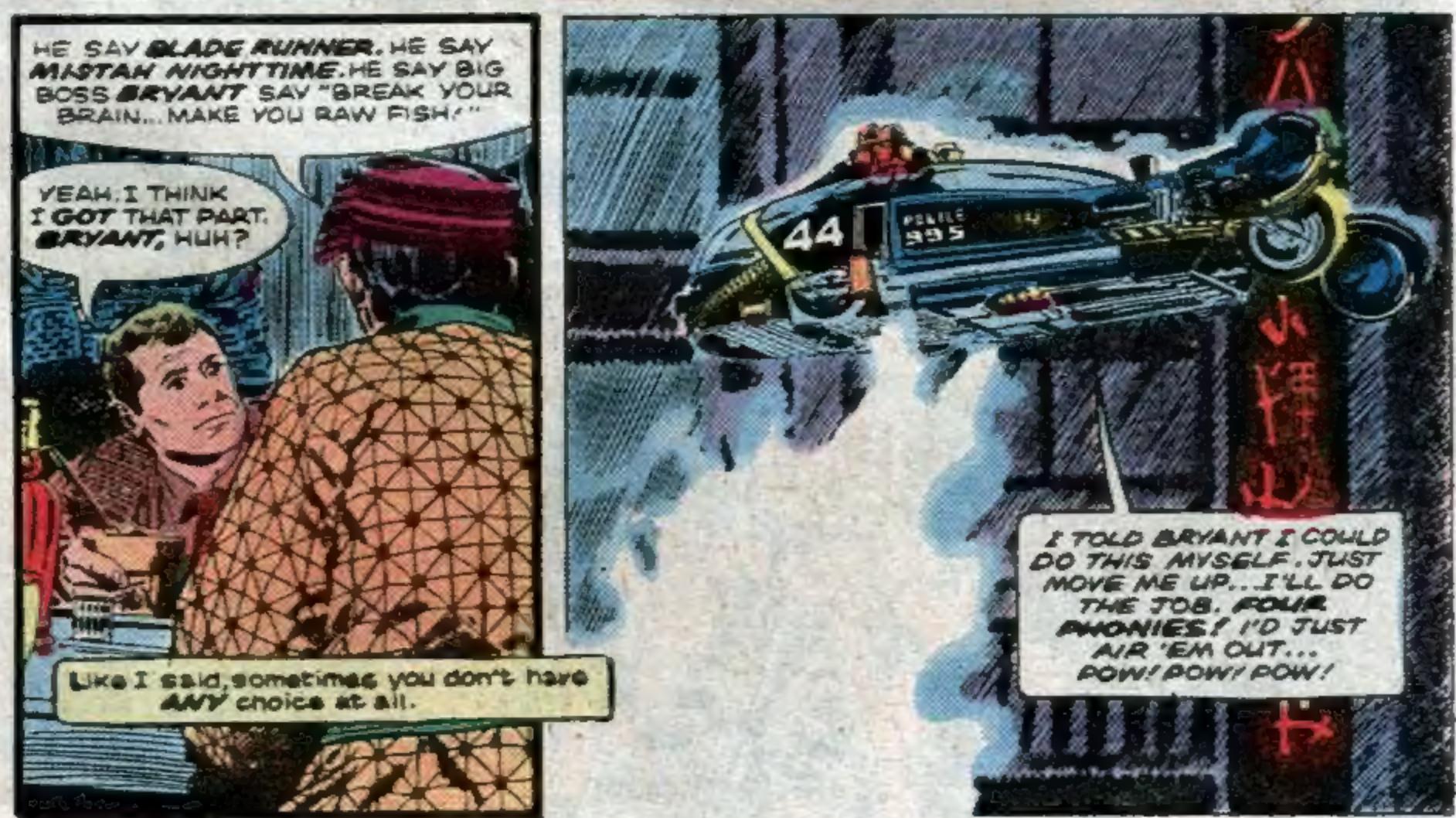
Offworld is so great...How come they gotta advertise? Still, it gives people a CHOICE. Sometimes you don't have any at all.

I ORDERED FOUR PIECES OF FISH YOU OLD NOODLE HUSTLER. YOU ONLY GAVE ME TWO! TWO!

THAT'S RIGHT, THAT'S RIGHT, DECKARD. YOU GOT TWO.

YEAH, SURE. THAT'S RIGHT. I GOT TWO.

YOU WILL BE REQUIRED TO ACCOMPANY ME, SIR.



BUT NO...! BRYANT THINKS
YOU'RE HOT STUFF, SMARTEST
SPOTTER...BADDEST BLADE
RUNNER. WELL, YOU DON'T LOOK
SO HOT TO ME.

YOU DON'T SHAVE...YOU DON'T
DRESS WELL, THAT REFLECTS
ON THE WHOLE DEPARTMENT...
MAKES US ALL
LOOK
BAD.

THE SKIN JOBS LOOK BETTER THAN YOU, DECKARD! WHAT'S
THE POINT OF WIPE 'EM OUT IF THEY LOOK BETTER THAN
ENFORCEMENT?

PRETTY SOON THE PUBLIC WILL WANT SKIN
JOBS FOR ENFORCEMENT! I GUESS YOU'D
PREFER THAT, HUH? THAT'S WHY YOU QUIT?

I just shrugged and kept eating
my noodles and fish, watching
the city flash by below. Somebody
would start speaking my
language soon enough...at
police headquarters.

NO NEED
TO PUT YOURSELF
OUT. I THINK I
KNOW MY WAY
FROM HERE.

My friend the clotheshorse
didn't rise to being baited or
even break stride...

"...not until we were in the office of the man who was his boss...and used to be **MINE**."

DON'T GLARE, DECK. YOU WOULDN'T HAVE COME IF I'D JUST ASKED... SO I SENT GAFF FOR YOU.

GOTTA BUNCH OF **CATH JOBS** WALKIN' THE STREETS... HIJACKED AN OFFWORLD SHUTTLE TO HERE. KILLED ITS CREW AN' PASSENGERS.

CAPT. H. BRYANT

EMBARRASSING.

MOLDEN'S GOOD. GIVE IT TO HIM.

I DID. HE'S NO GOOD NOW...FOR ANYTHING. THIS IS THE WORST EVER DECK. I NEED THE OL' **BLADE RUNNER**... I NEED YOUR MAGIC.

SIT DOWN, DECKARD/LITTLE PEOPLE DON'T WALK OUT...AND WHEN YOU'RE NOT A COP, YOU'RE **LITTLE PEOPLE**. YOU KNOW THE SCORE!

"Officially there's two kinds of clowns in this circus: little smart guys with computers, big dumb guys with guns. But when a bureau wants to avoid a politically sticky job or jeopardizing their own men...they bring in somebody from outside. Somebody like **ME**."

I WAS QUIT WHEN I WALKED IN HERE, BRYANT... I'M TWICE AS QUIT NOW. SEE YA!

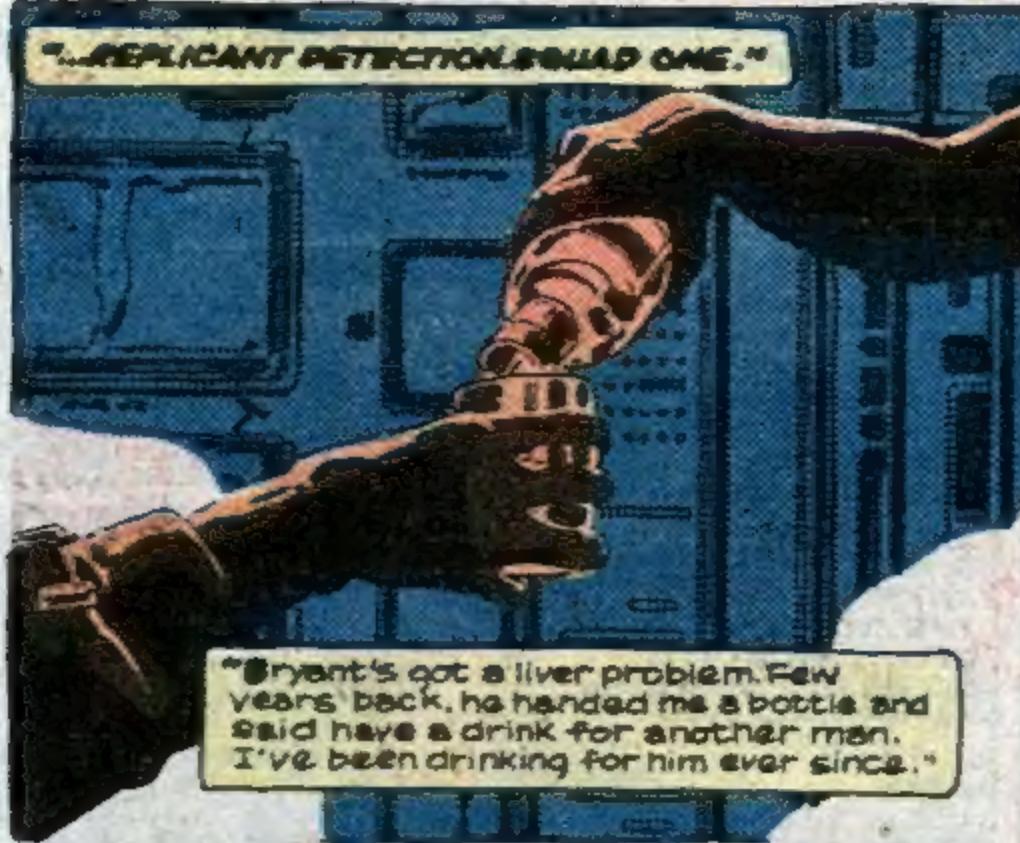
"He was right. I knew the score. I'd known it for a long time. I just got confused for a moment and thought I had a **CHOICE** when I didn't."

"At least my new pal, Gaff, kept his mouth shut..."

"Maybe he was too busy just staring, taking it all in. And almost unconsciously twisting a piece of foil into a little sculpture."

"Well, I was gonna be busy too. They couldn't hire me so they **ARRESTED** me. But it came out the same. I was **WORKING** for them again..."

"...REPLICANT DETECTION SQUAD ONE."



"Bryant's got a liver problem. Few years back, he handed me a bottle and said have a drink for another man. I've been drinking for him ever since."



"And with what was coming over the monitors from the tapes Bryant showed... I definitely **NEEDED** a drink."

"The big incentive to emigrate was still free labor. If the public found out their replicant labor force might **KILL** them... they wouldn't be so keen on offworld colonization."

"Replicant androids /-R-/-P-/-D; referred to as the **ANEXUS SIX**. The Tyrell Corporation's new pride and joy. According to Bryant, **FIVE** of 'em jumped that shuttle."

KILLED 23
APOAL IN ALL. BUT THREE NIGHTS AGO, ONE OF 'EM GOT FRIED IN AN ELECTRO-FIELD... THEY WERE TRYING TO BREAK INTO TYRELL'S.

WHAT ABOUT THE OTHERS?

LOOKS LIKE WE WERE **RIGHT** OF COURSE, THAT'S JUST THE **GOOD NEWS...**

"When four skin jobs—possibly able to fool the Voight-Kampff, judging from what happened to Holden—still running around loose are **GOOD** news, don't ask what the **BAD** is. Bryant told me anyway..."

LOST 'EM, GOIN' ON THE POSSIBILITY THAT THEY MIGHT TRY TO **INFILTRATE** THE CORPORATION AS NEW EMPLOYEES... WE SENT HOLDEN TO RUN VOIGHT-KAMPFF TESTS ON NEW WORKERS.



"The bad news was **ROY BATTY**. A work of art. Combat model. Crowned achievement of the free enterprise system."

"THE ULTIMATE WARRIOR."

"They used Roy Batty in every offworld conflict in the last three years. Held flown gypsy ships with the Russians at Tannhauser Gate and been with the squadron of Night-Timers in the wars near Jupiter."

"He could handle 1200 degrees farenheit in the Plutonium Furnaces on the Argentine Moons. He'd done deep space probes at 800 below with only a cowboy suit."

AND HE'S PROBABLY THE LEADER OF THIS BUNCH YOU'RE AFTER. DECK.

MAVBE TO FIND OUT WHEN THEY WERE MADE.

THE NEXUS SIX COPIES HUMAN BEINGS ALMOST PERFECTLY...INSIDE AND OUT. AFTER A FEW YEARS, THE DESIGNERS FIGURE, THEY MAY EVEN DEVELOP THEIR OWN EMOTIONAL RESPONSE. HATE. LOVE. ANGER. FEAR.

SO THEY BUILT IN A FAIL-SAFE DEVICE...THE NEXUS SIX ONLY HAS FOUR YEARS TO LIVE!

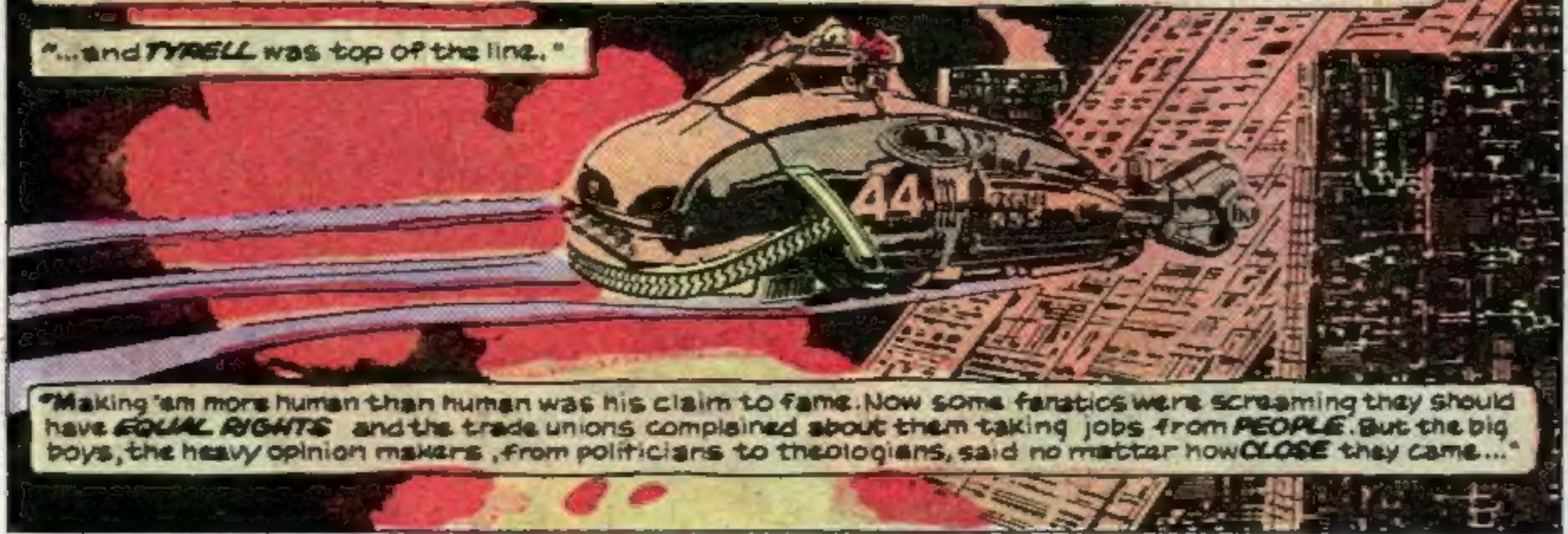
BUT WHY LEAD THEM BACK TO THE PLACE OF THEIR MANUFACTURE?

"The Nexus Thrive had been too smooth, too human, if you like. I quit because of it. Retired. Now I'm back on the job and, thanks to the Tyrell Corporation and good ol' supply and demand, we got the Nexus Six."

"An' I got four of 'em all to myself. Two female, two male. An' best yet...one is ROY BATTY, super soldier."

"The pressure was on. With twenty-three people dead, we couldn't sit back and wait for Batty and company to keel over on their own. Too much was at stake. Replicants were big industry..."

"...and TYRELL was top of the line."



"Making 'em more human than human was his claim to fame. Now some fanatics were screaming they should have EQUAL RIGHTS and the trade unions complained about them taking jobs from PEOPLE. But the big boys, the heavy opinion makers, from politicians to theologians, said no matter how CLOSE they came..."

"...they were still OBJECTS. I was inclined to disagree... otherwise I wouldn't have quit."



"Why not? In a world where real animals are rarer than a breath of unpolluted air, it was impressive. But then... EVERYTHING about the Tyrell Corporation seemed to be..."



REPLICANTS ARE LIKE ANY OTHER MACHINE. THEY CAN BE A BENEFIT OR A HAZARD. IF THEY'RE A BENEFIT, IT'S NOT MY PROBLEM.

MAY I ASK A PERSONAL QUESTION...? HAVE YOU EVER RETIRED A HUMAN BY MISTAKE?



"...but we both noticed I HESITATED a little and before either of us could pursue it, we were joined by the MAN himself... DR. ELDON TYRELL."

THIS VOIGHT-KAMPF TEST, MR. DECKARD... BEFORE WE TRY IT ON MY PROTOTYPE, I'D LIKE TO SEE IT WORK ON A PERSON.



WHAT'S THAT GONNA PROVE?

INDULGE ME DECKARD. I WANT TO SEE A NEGATIVE SO I PROVIDE YOU WITH A POSITIVE.

TRY IT ON RACHEL HERE.

"We darkened the place I set up. Basically, the Voight-Kampff's an empathy test. Blush response, involuntary dilation of the iris, that kinda thing."

"And I'm supposed to be the expert at askin' the right questions to trigger the right responses."

"Only I had no reaction on her normac I couldn't believe what I was reading."

"This lady, Rachel, gave me cold chills."

"And after more than a HUNDRED questions...

"...I wanted to talk with Tyrell in private."

I'M IMPRESSED, MR DECKARD... THOUGH IT TOOK FAR MORE QUESTIONS THAN NORMAL TO LEARN THE TRUTH, DIDN'T IT?

SHE REALLY DOESN'T KNOW WHO SHE IS...?

SHE ONLY SUSPECTS NOW, I THINK, YOU SEE, THERE'S THIS STRANGE OBSESSION WE'VE RECOGNIZED IN THEM. THEY WANT MEMORIES.

AFTER ALL, THEY'RE EMOTIONALLY INEXPERIENCED... HAVING ONLY A FEW YEARS TO STORE UP WHAT WE SPEND OUR LIVES ACQUIRING. GIFTING THEM WITH A PAST CREATES A CLARION FOR THEIR EMOTIONS...

AND WE CAN CONTROL THEM BETTER.

IT'S THE DARK CORNERS, THE LITTLE SHADY PLACES THAT MAKE US INTERESTING, DECKARD. GUSTY EMOTIONS ON AN AUTUMN NIGHT, THE SCENT OF A WOMAN'S HAIR... THE SWEET GUILT AFTER...

ALL RIGHT, TYRELL!

WHERE DO YOU GET THEM, THESE MEMORIES...?

IN RACHEL'S CASE, I SIMPLY COPIED AND REGENERATED CELLS FROM THE BRAIN OF MY SIXTEEN YEAR OLD NIECE.

RACHEL REMEMBERS WHAT MY LITTLE NIECE REMEMBERS.

"Fascinating..."

"I wondered whose lifetime was programmed into ROY BATTY'S brain. Guys like Tyrell design monsters for profit when they foul up, functionaries like ME get called in to clean the mess."

"Only thing I like less than creepy machines and fancy skin jobs are the people that MAKE them."

"From that lofty corporate tower, I went DOWN... to a section of town where GREGORY is probably a commitment. According to Tyrell personnel records, LEON lived in a hotel there..."

"...At least he had until he killed my predecessor, HOLDEN."

"Bryant had GAGE join me. Guess he expected trouble. Or maybe the department's new boy wonder just needed a quiet spot to practice his foil sculptures. At any rate..."

"...what we found was an empty room. Obviously neither Leon nor his friends had been back..."

"Not that there was much to leave behind. A few clothes still neatly hung in the wardrobe..."

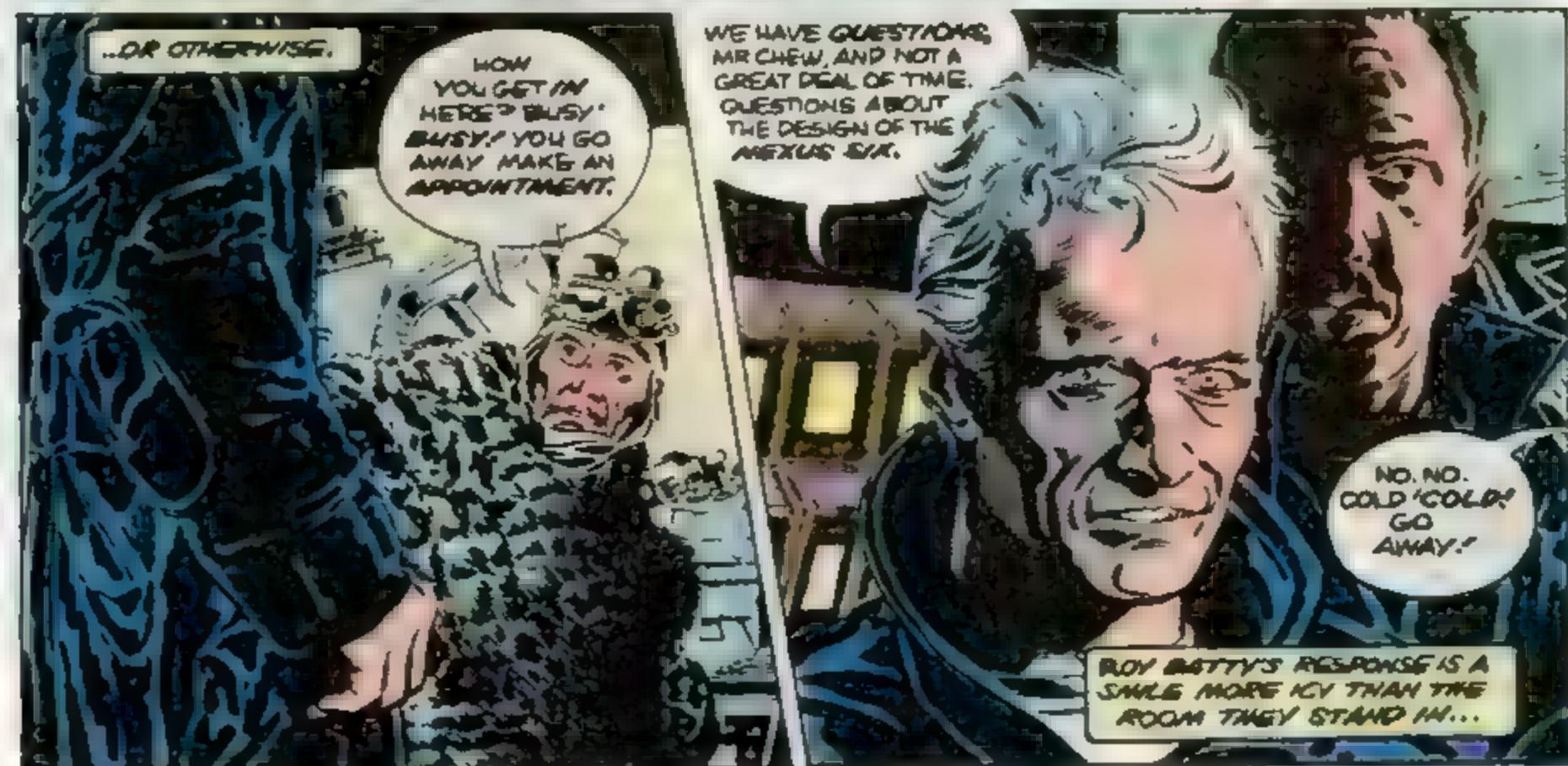
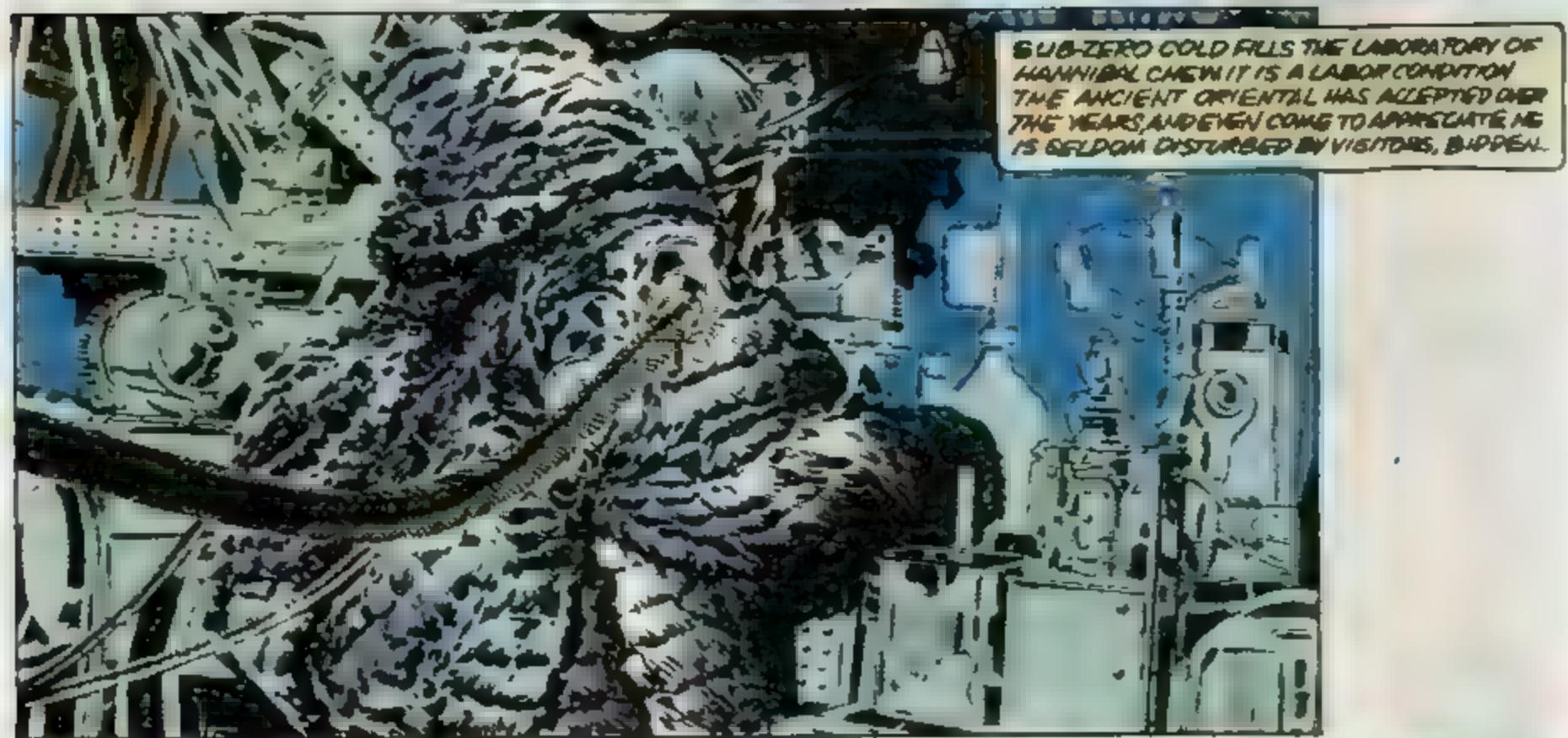
"...a pretty ordinary batch of SWAPKNOBS stuck in one pocket..."

"...and a few flecks of something I couldn't identify on the floor near the dresser. Just after putting cash in my wallet, I got a feeling..."

"...the ol' MAGIC as Bryant calls it. It brought me to the window."

"There wasn't much to see below. Damp streets, reflected lights. And shadowed doorways that might hide anything..."

LATER, THE DISTURBED WATCHER FROM THE SHADOWS MOVES ON A NEW STREET TOWARD THE BANKS OF VIDEO-PHONES...



...AND WITHOUT FEELING OR CONCERN, HE PLUNGES HIS HAND INTO A TANK OF FREEZING LIQUID TO WITHDRAW WHAT FLOATS THERE.

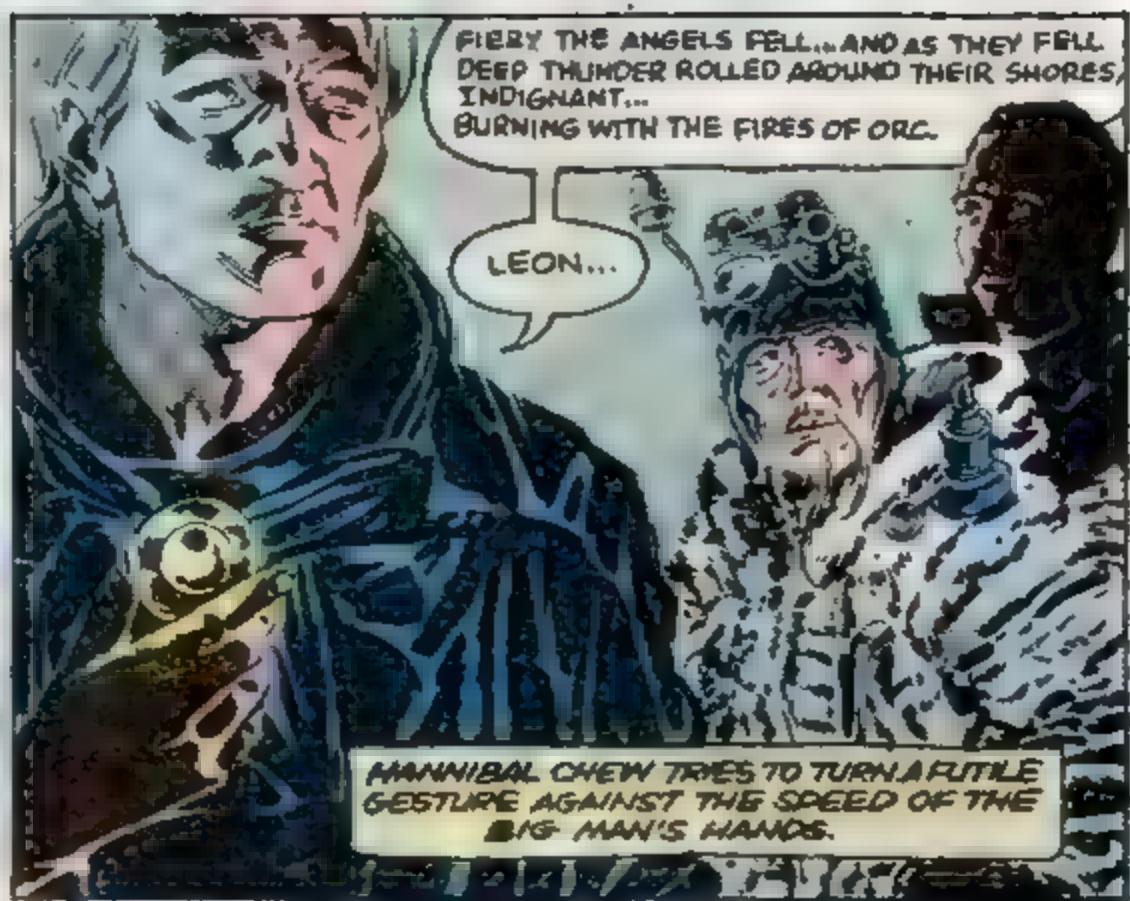
YOU ANDIACANT! ILLEGAL! NOT BELONG HERE! YOU BELONG OTHER WORLDS... UP THERE!



FIERY THE ANGELS FELL... AND AS THEY FALL, DEEP THUNDER ROLLED AROUND THEIR SHORES, INDIGNANT...

BURNING WITH THE FIRES OF ORC.

LEON...

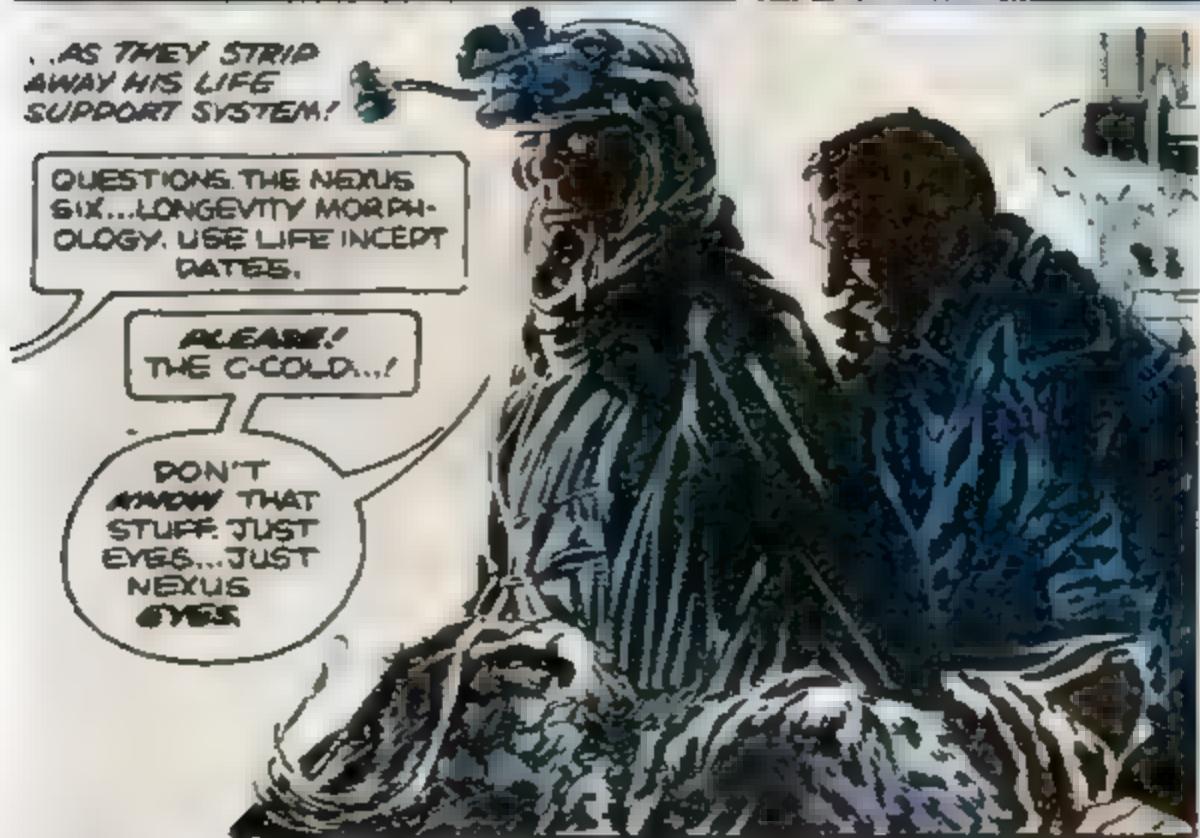


...AS THEY STRIP AWAY HIS LIFE SUPPORT SYSTEM!

QUESTIONS THE NEXUS SIX... LONGEVITY MORPHOLOGY. USE LIFE INCEPT DATES.

PLEASE! THE C-COLD...

DON'T KNOW THAT STUFF. JUST EYES... JUST NEXUS EYES.



AH, CHEW. IF ONLY YOU COULD SEE THE THINGS I'VE SEEN WITH YOUR EYES.

QUESTIONS!

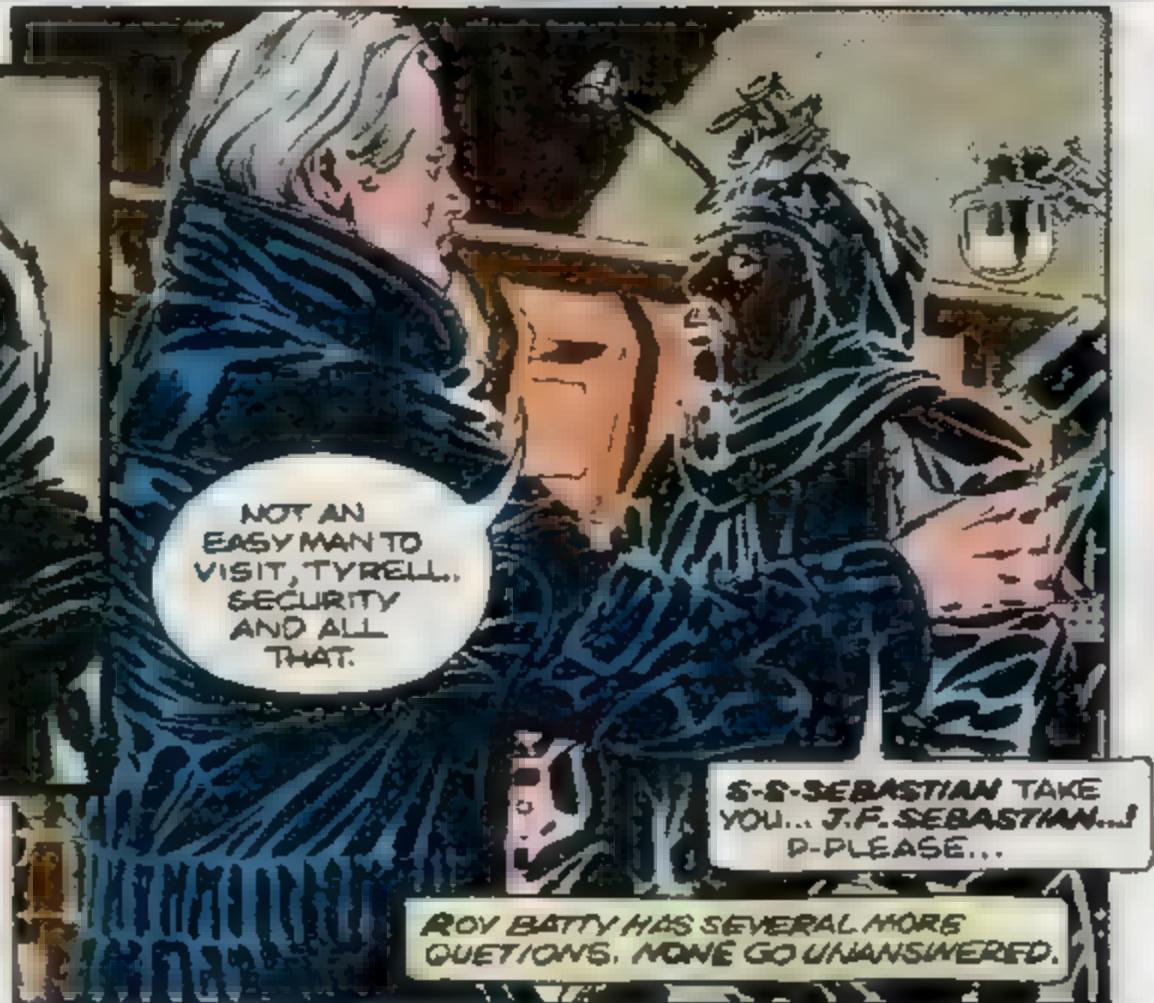


GIMME COAT... PLEASE ! ONLY BIG GENIUS... TYRELL... KNOWS ANSWERS C-COAT. D-PLEASE!



NOT AN EASY MAN TO VISIT, TYRELL... SECURITY AND ALL THAT.

S-S-SEBASTIAN TAKE YOU... J.F. SEBASTIAN... D-PLEASE...

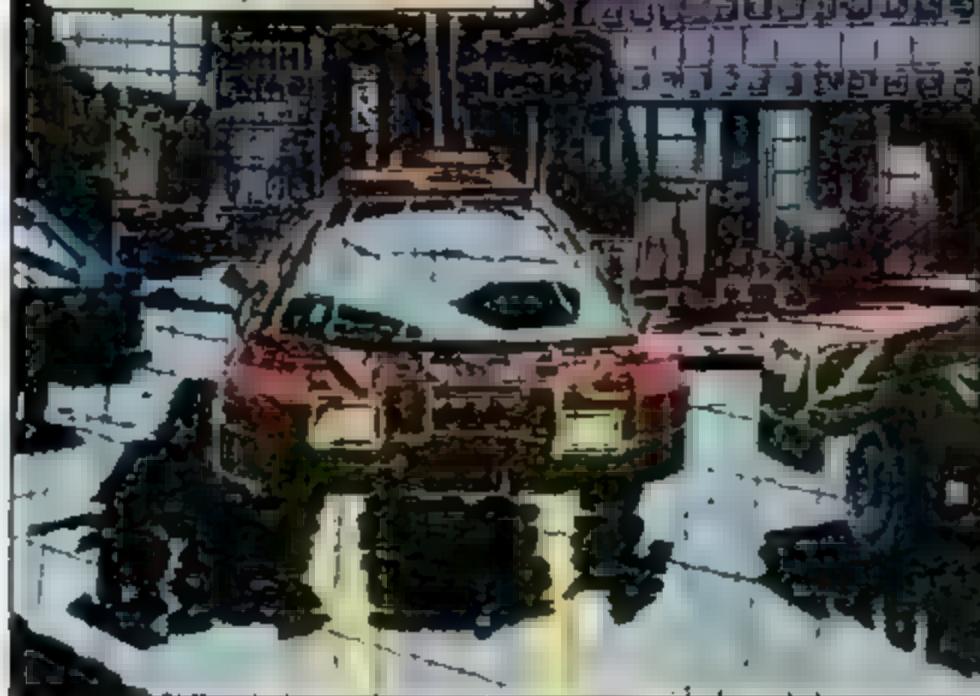


ROY BATTY HAS SEVERAL MORE QUESTIONS. NONE GO UNANSWERED.

"To round out a perfect day, it was pouring rain by the time I checked in Gaff and the police spinner and drove home in my own car."

"My mind was on having a drink and drying off..."

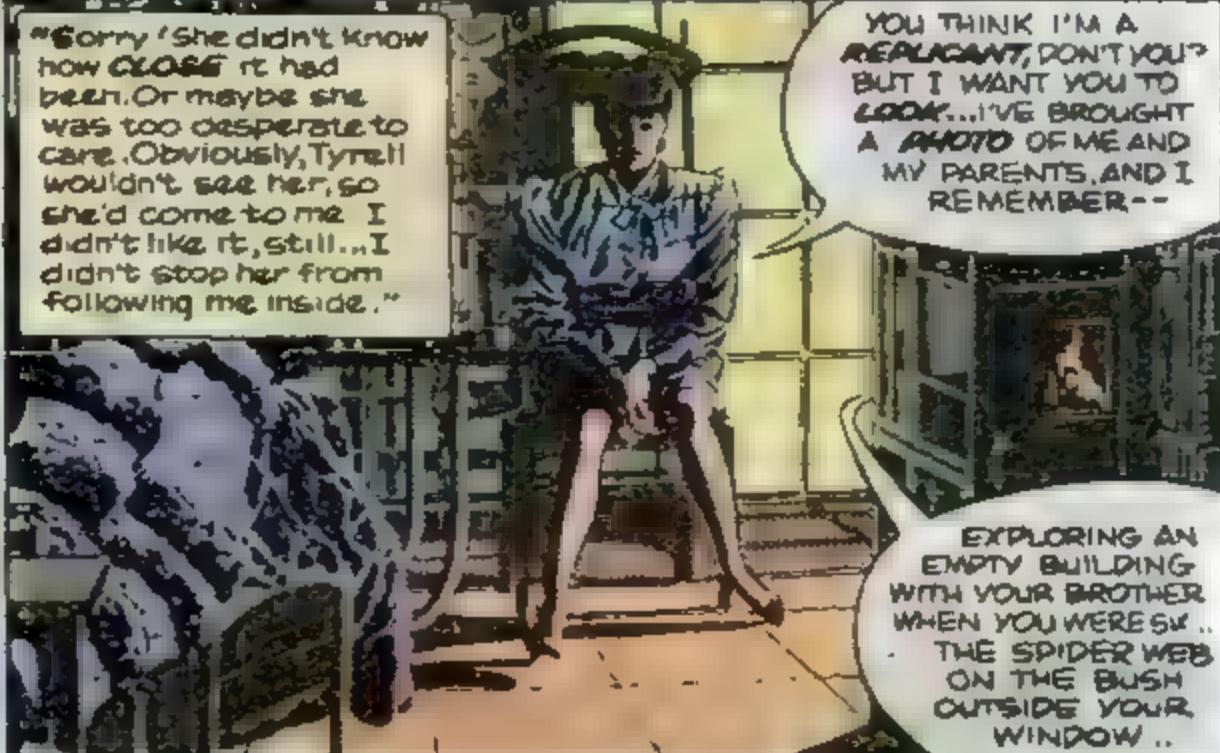
"...or maybe I'd have stumbled **BEFORE** reaching my floor that the elevator's shadows hid a **SECOND** passenger."



ALL RIGHT! WHO?



"Sorry 'she didn't know how **CLOSE** it had been. Or maybe she was too desperate to care. Obviously, Tyrell wouldn't see her, so she'd come to me. I didn't like it, still... I didn't stop her from following me inside..."



"YOU THINK I'M A **REPLICANT**, DON'T YOU? BUT I WANT YOU TO **LOOK**... I'VE BROUGHT A **PHOTO** OF ME AND MY PARENTS, AND I REMEMBER--

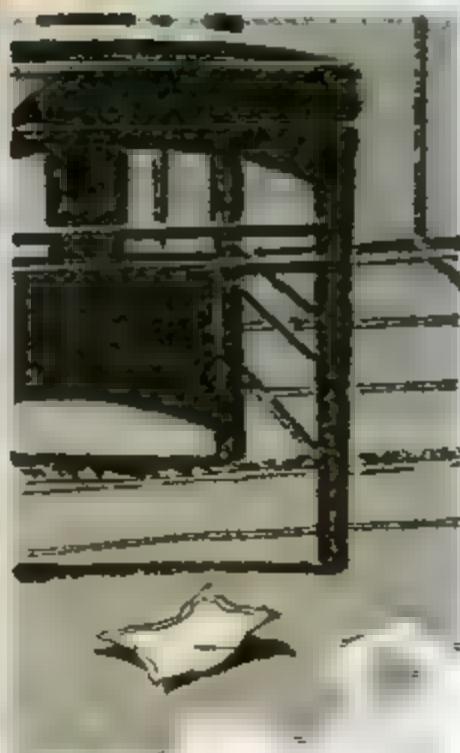


"**Y-YES.. BUT HOW CAN YOU--?**

"**IMPLANTS.**
RACHEL.
TYRELL'S VERY
PROUD OF THEM.
RAN SOME ON
A SCANNER
FOR ME.

"**N-NO..
I DON'T
BELIEVE...**

"**RIGHT.
I MADE IT ALL UP.
YOU'RE NOT A
REPLICANT... IT
WAS JUST A NASTY
JOKE. FORGET
IT. HAVE A
DRINK.**

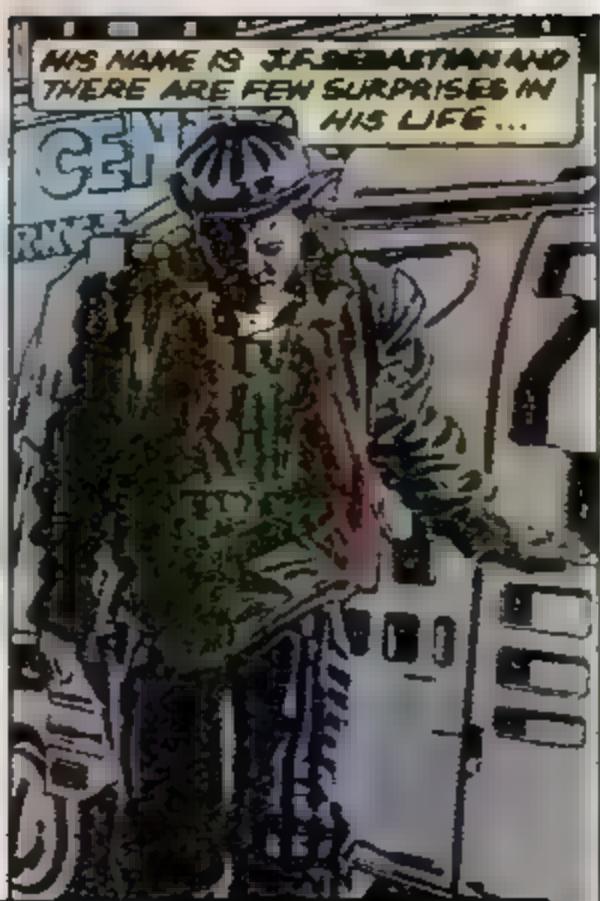
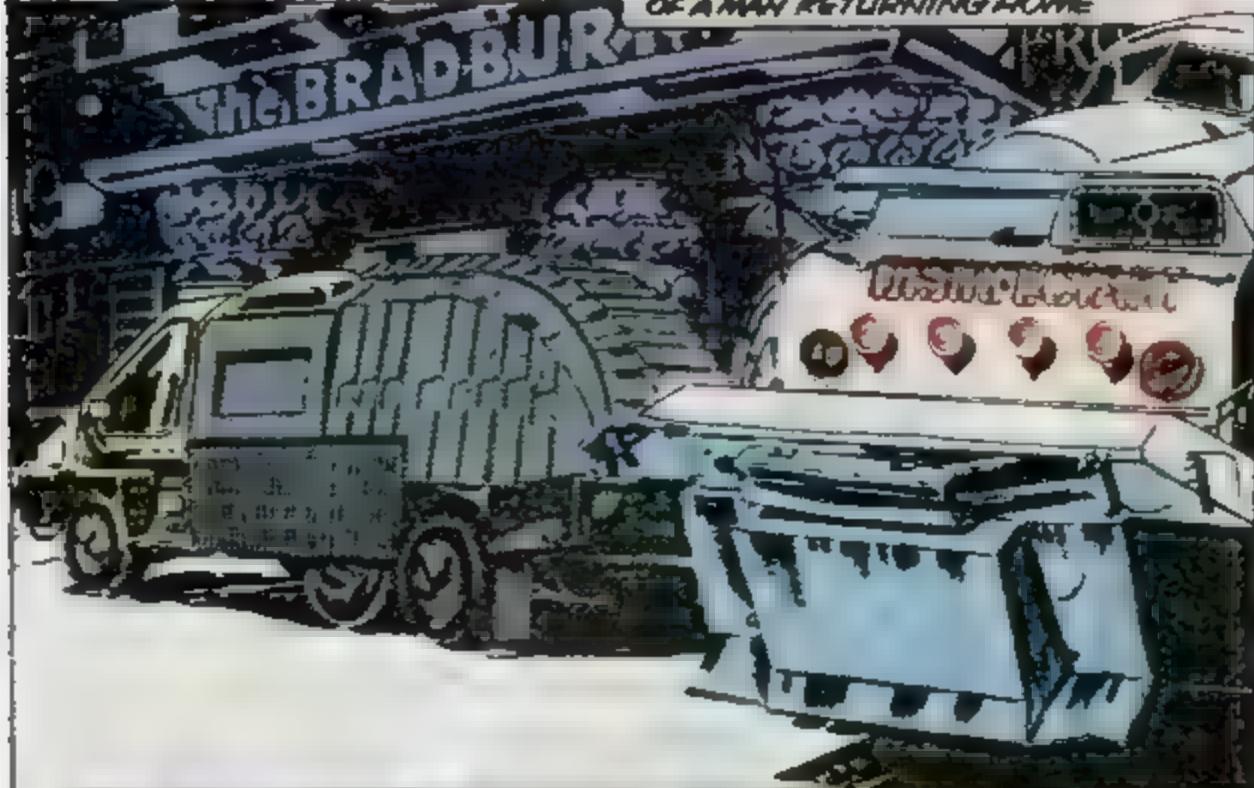


"By the time I dug out a second clean glass, she was gone. Nothing to show she'd ever been there..."

". except a crumpled photograph dropped to the floor."

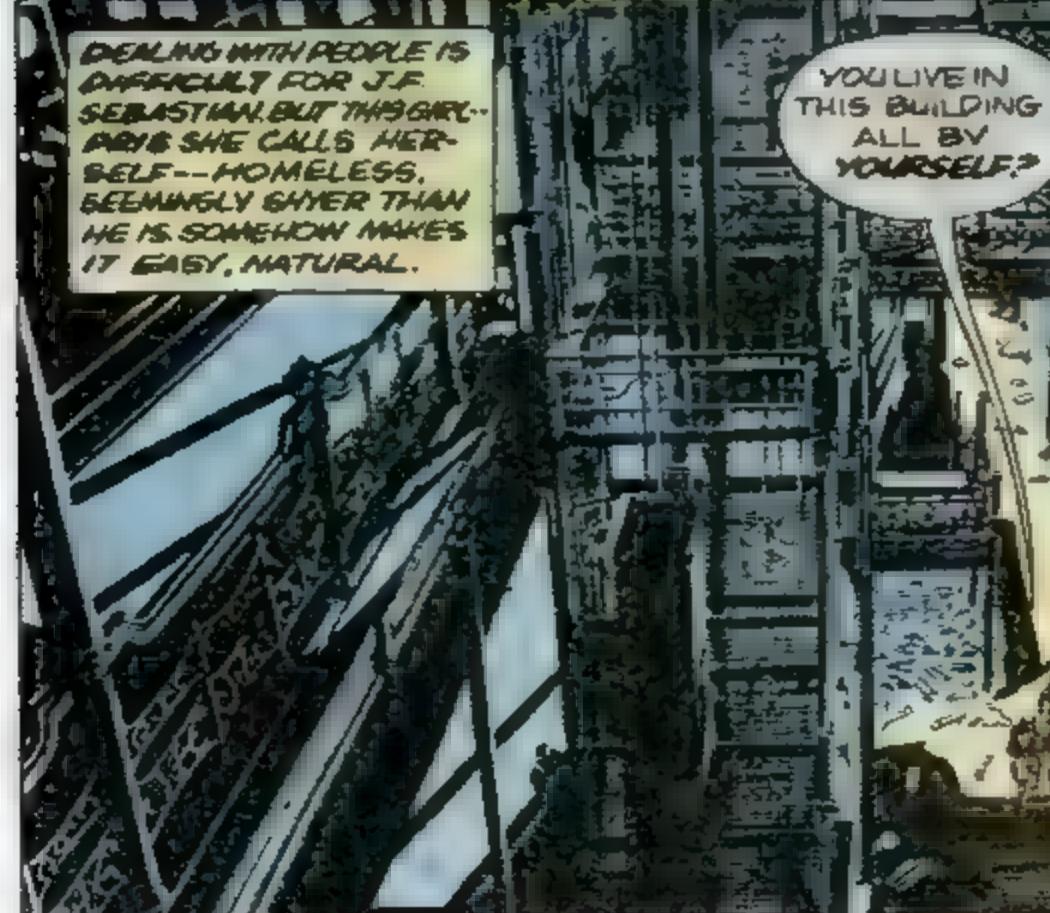
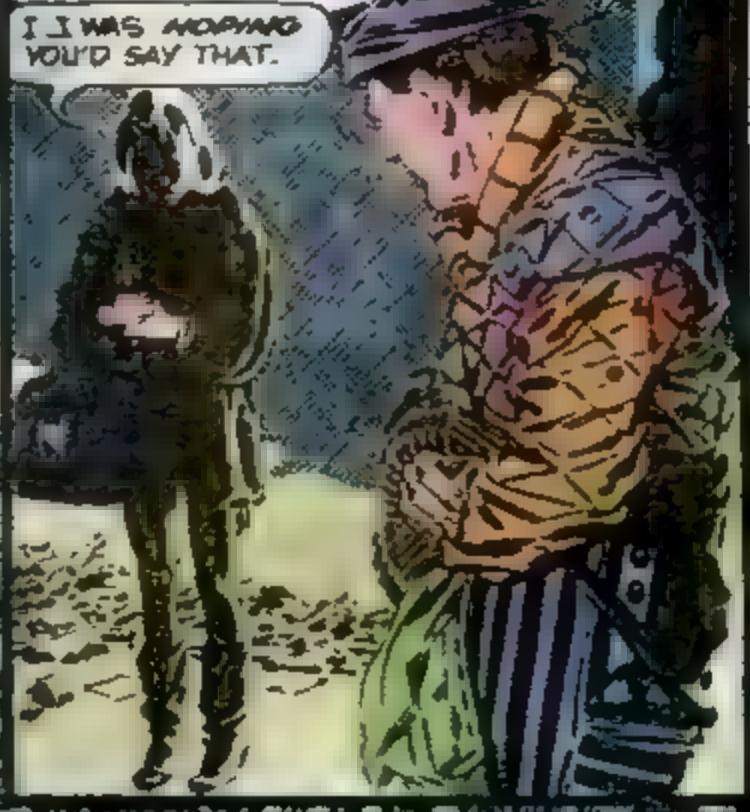
LIKE MANY STRUCTURES IN THE AREA, THE BUILDING APPEARS ABANDONED YET, AS A STREET CLEANER GRINDS BY, ANOTHER VEHICLE HALTS IN FRONT OF IT AND THE FIGURE THAT STEPS OUT DOES SO WITH THE WEARY FAMILIARITY OF A MAN RETURNING HOME

HIS NAME IS J.F. SEBASTIAN AND THERE ARE FEW SURPRISES IN HIS LIFE...



SCARED EACH OTHER PRETTY GOOD, DIDN'T WE? YOU LOOK HUNGRY... I'VE GOT STUFF INSIDE... IF YOU WANNA COME IN...

I WAS HOPING YOU'D SAY THAT.



YOU LIVE IN THIS BUILDING ALL BY YOURSELF?

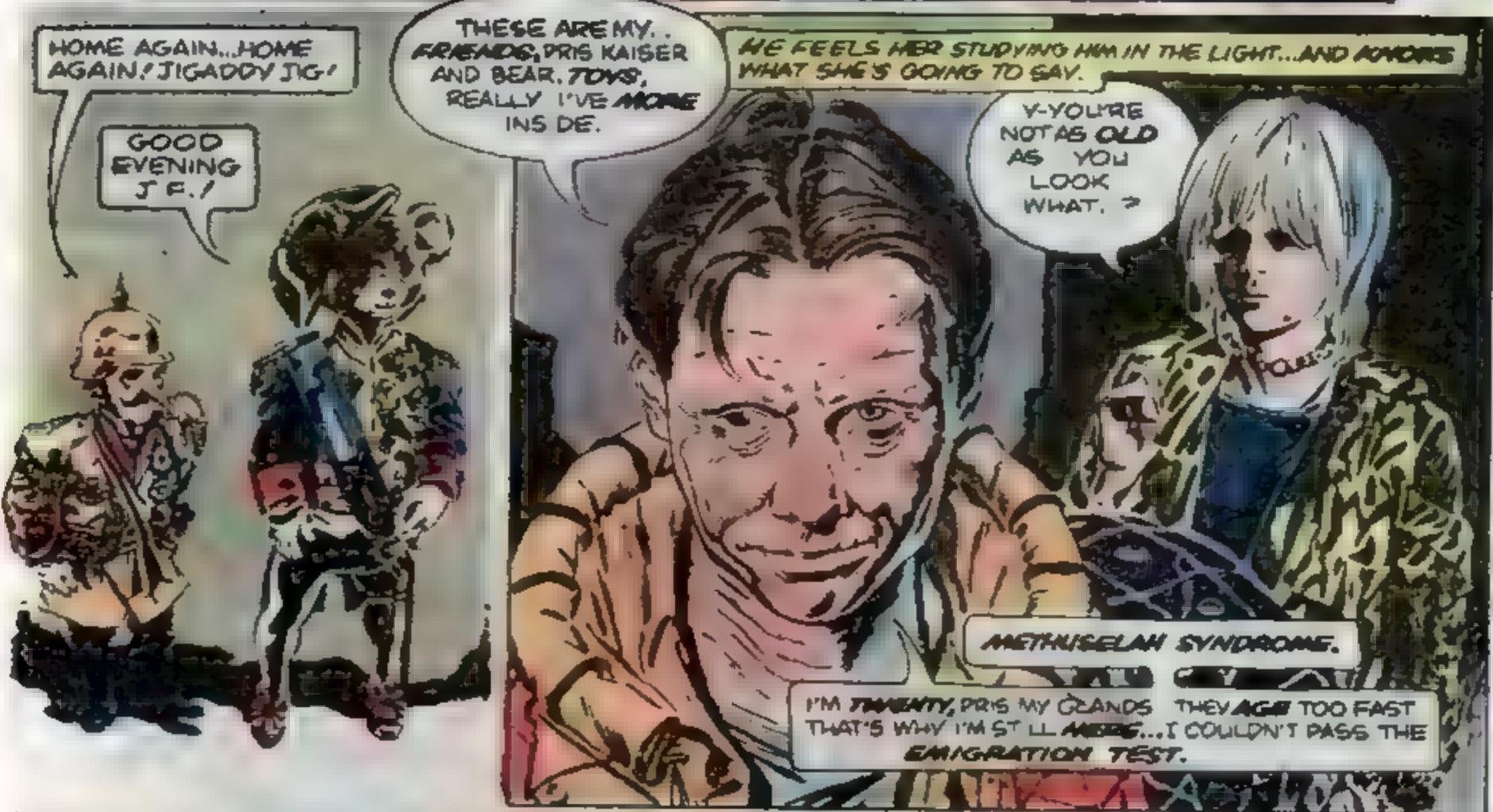
YEAH PRETTY MUCH. NO HOUSING SHORTAGE AROUND HERE. PLENTY OF ROOM FOR EVERYONE.



AN ANCIENT CLANKING ELEVATOR CARRIES THEM UPWARD, AND OFF A CRUMBLING CORRIDOR.



I THOUGHT YOU SAID...



"Machines can be helpful sometimes. They can also be a BIG ANNOY. Take my BEAR... I'd spent the evening letting it three-dimensionally enhance and examine the set of snapshots I took from Leon's hotel room. So far all it revealed was that that room's wardrobe had once had a SEQUINED DRESS hanging in it... And that neither Leon nor Roy Batty was the type to WEAR ONE. REAL helpful!"



"I don't know why a replicant would collect photos. Probably like Tyrell said, they NEED memories. I couldn't figure any of it. But maybe my mind wasn't on Leon's stuff. Maybe it was on ANOTHER photo - the one RACHEL left earlier. On that and the fact that when I uncrumpled it, her PHONE NUMBER was on the back. Interesting. But nothing that would help detection and retribution... so I decided I was hungry."

"And along with my usual order at the noodle bar... I got some LUCK."



"Travis Leon's photos were a deadend, but it looked like I HAD those unidentified flecks from the floor of his hotel room. Since, outside of Elton Tyrrell very few people can afford the *REAL* thing... My next stop was ANIMAL ROW."

WELL... ?
THE SCOPE
TELL YOU
ANYTHING
ABOUT 'EM?

YF-63! GENUINE
ARTIFICIAL MANUFACTURE.
FINEST QUALITY.
PERFECT WORKMANSHIP
ONLY...

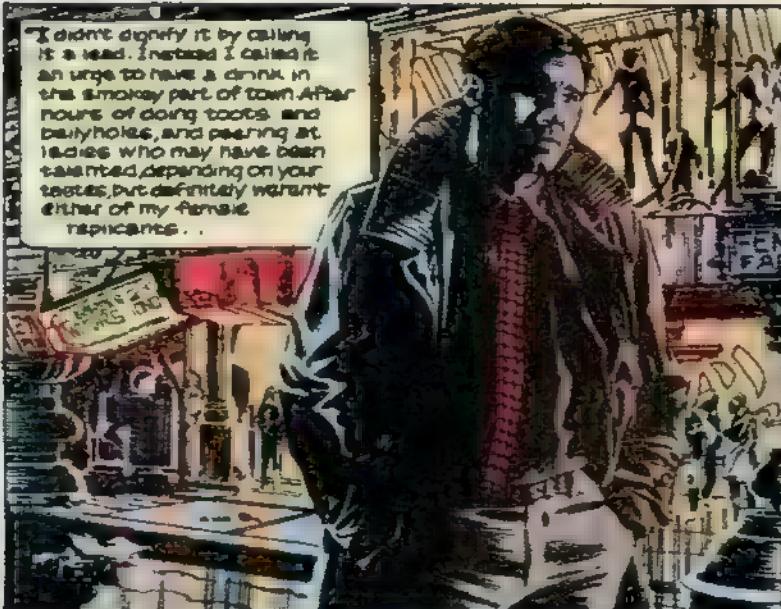
"...not FISH," the old lady said. "WANDER WHICH BROUGHT ME TO THE EGYPTIAN."

"He didn't carry ANYTHING
IT, but he claimed
HE COULDN'T
REMEMBER
WHO HE SOLD
IT TO..."

"After I intensified my questioning and he
STILL didn't remember... I ~~BELIEVED~~ him."



"I didn't dignify it by calling it a lead. Instead I called it an urge to have a drink in the smoky part of town. After hours of doing toots, and bellyholes, and peering at ladies who may have been talented, depending on your tastes, but definitely weren't either of my female reincarnates..."

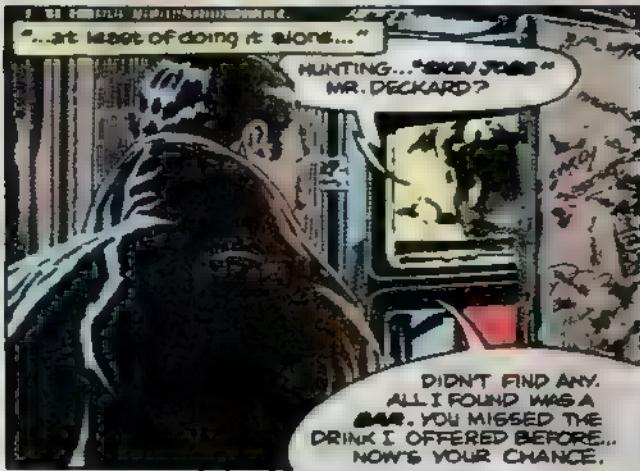


"...I ended up at Taffy's Bar. Tired. Of working. Of looking. Maybe both of drinking..."



"...at least of doing it alone..."

HUNTING... "RONNIE JONES" MR. DECKARD?



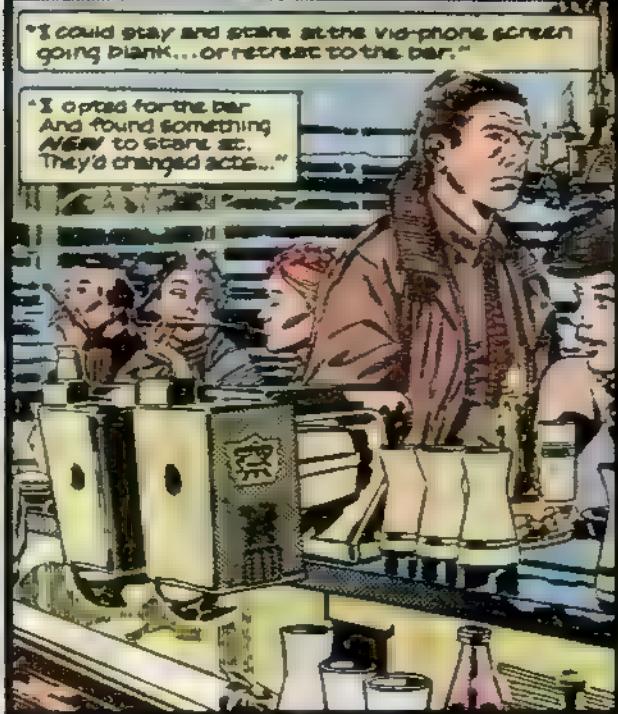
DIDN'T FIND ANY. ALL I FOUND WAS A BAR. YOU MISSED THE DRINK I OFFERED BEFORE... NOW'S YOUR CHANCE.

NOT MY KIND OF PLACE, DECKARD... OR PEOPLE!



"I could stay and stare at the vid-phone screen going blank... or retreat to the bar."

"I opted for the bar. And found something NEW to stare at. They'd changed acts..."



"...and I was abandoned again."

WHAT DO YOU WANT? CUSTOMERS AREN'T ALLOWED BACKSTAGE.

AH... I'M WITH THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF VARIETY ARTISTS, MISS SALOME... CONFIDENTIAL COMMITTEE ON MORAL ABUSES.

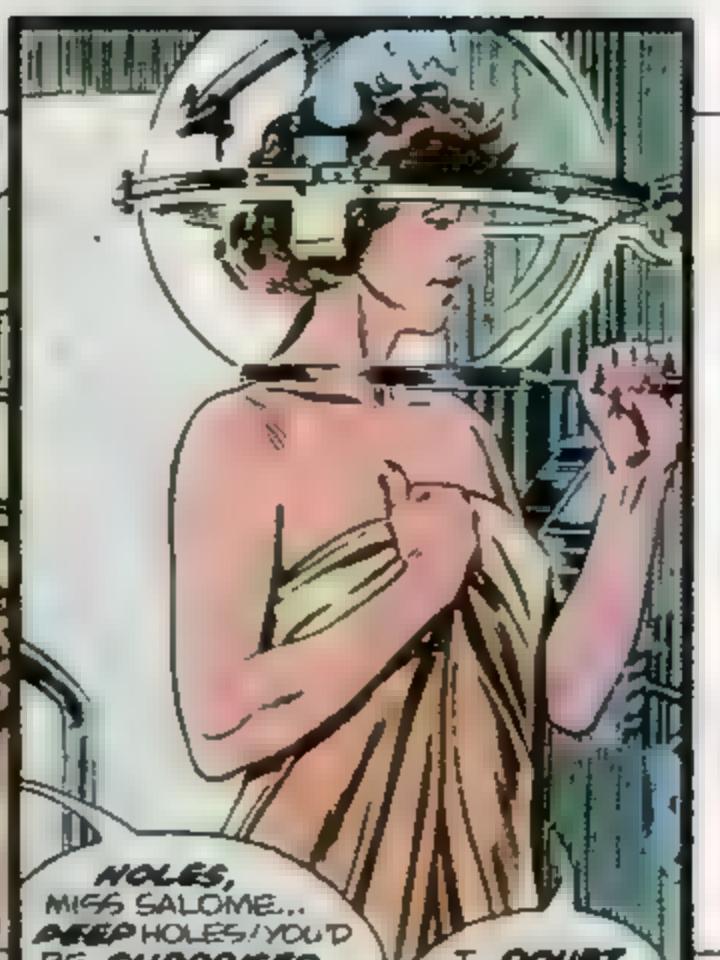


"She was a big woman. So was one of the naps, Zhora, on the tapes Bryant showed me. But the resemblance seemed to END there. Still, I felt there was SOMETHING... And went with it."

THERE'S BEEN REPORTS OF ALL MANNER OF EXPLOITATION BY THE MANAGEMENT OF THIS PLACE

THAT'S WHY I'D LIKE TO CHECK THIS DRESSING ROOM.

AS LONG AS IT DOESN'T INTERFERE WITH MY CHANGING AND GETTING OUT OF HERE.
WHAT ARE YOU CHECKING FOR?



HOLES,
MISS SALOME...
DEEP HOLES! YOU'D
BE SURPRISED
WHAT SOME GUYS
GO THROUGH TO
GLIMPSE A
BEAUTIFUL
BODY

I DOUBT
IT... DIDN'T
YOU SEE MY
ACT?



AH... OF
COURSE. OF
COURSE. HAVE YOU
BEEN DOING IT LONG?
I SEE YOU HAVE
OTHER COSTUMES
HERE. THAT
SEQUINED ONE
LOOKS
ESPECIALLY--

IF YOU'VE RUN OUT OF
HOLES TO FIND--I COULD
USE MINE
DRYING MY
BACK.



"This way she looked even ~~LESS~~ like my replicant. I'd have to have the Esper compare sequins from THIS dress with the one it spotted in Leon's photos."



"Guess the lady had a soft spot for machines. Because as I took the towel... She suddenly saved my Esper a lot of wear and tear."

"She was ZHORA, all right. New hair color and whatever notwithstanding."

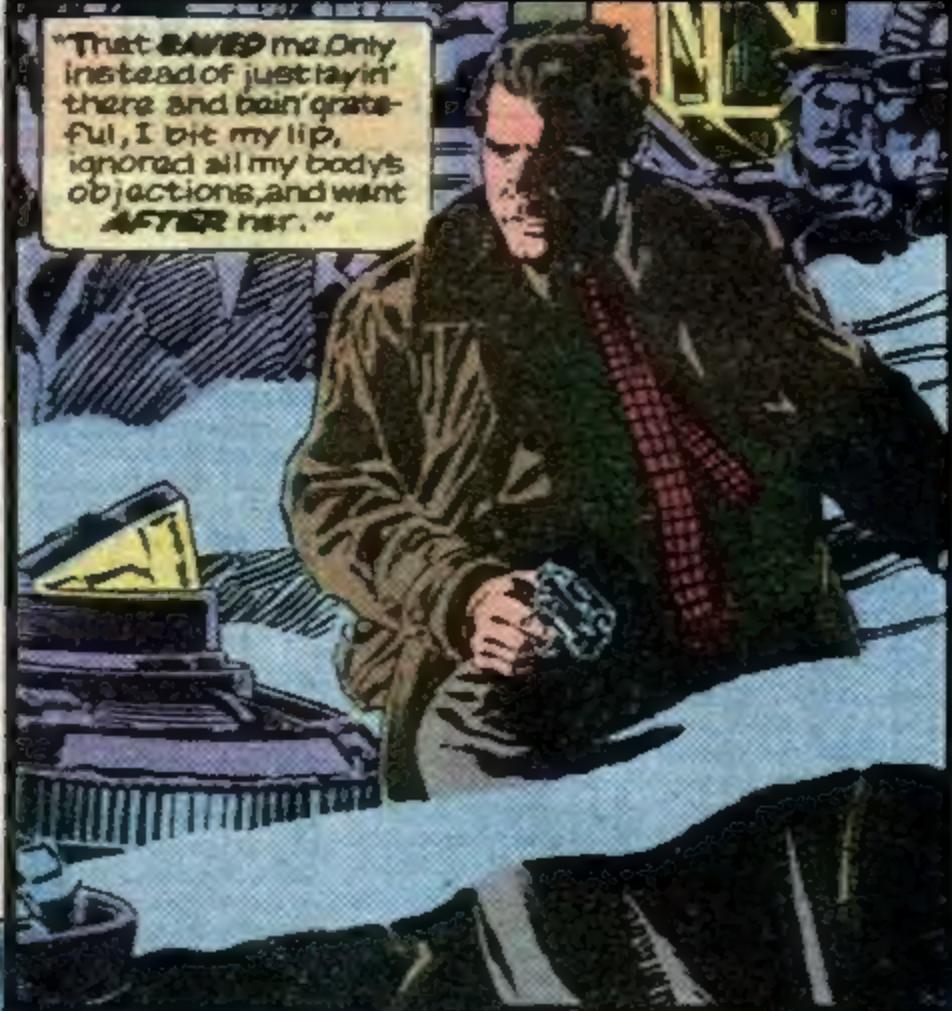


"After that, it got a little ROUGHER..."

"...but she was more interested in gettin' out before the noise brought someone else than in finishing me."



"That ~~SAVED~~ me. Only instead of just layin' there and bein' grateful, I bit my lip, ignored all my body's objections, and went **AFTER** her."



"She didn't have too much of a start. I figured the rains, crowds and traffic would slow her down."



MINNIE

"And maybe they did. With a **NERLIS SIX**... it's kinda hard to tell!"

OUT OF THE WAY, BLAST IT! OUT OF THE WAY!



STOP NOW, ZHORA! STOP OR YOU'RE DEAD!

"Most of the crowd didn't listen even after I fired a few rounds. Why should a fugitive replicant? I was **LOSING** her... and Detection Squad's baddest blade runner doesn't DO that!"



BULLPEN BULLETINS

BUON GIORNO!

That's Italian for hello, and I am Editor-in-Chief for reasonable remuneration. Recently, I spent a week in Bologna, Italy, helping to represent Marvel Comics at the Bologna Book Fair, hence the Italian salutation. Was it fun? Does Gucci make shoes? Does Marvel make spelling missleaks? You may be wondering what, exactly, a book fair is. Well, it's a gathering of publishers from all over the world at which each publishing company displays its creations hoping that companies from other countries will be interested in publishing them, too. Marvel's booth, I'm proud to say, was the busiest at the fair. My job was to show off our exciting new stuff like our Wolverine and Hercules Limited Series, which you, no doubt, have already seen the first issues of, plus our Graphic Novel line, and our upcoming adaptation of *Dark Crystal*. (Watch the Hype Box for details on these and other great things! Judging from our foreign publishers' and agents' response to what I was presenting, our new projects are the best thing since sliced bread!)

It was mostly hard work at the fair — long hours in the booth having countless meetings with publishers and agents, then more meetings at our hotel before dinner, more meetings over dinner, and still more meetings over espresso sometimes far into the night. Even with the hectic schedule, though, I still managed to find some time to explore on my own. The most interesting thing that happened was... hmmm. No, I guess I shouldn't mention that. Okay, I'll tell you the second most interesting thing that happened. I was strolling through the Piazza Maggiore in the center of the scenic old city, where you can see Etruscan ruins, Renaissance palaces, and Bologna's own majestic leaning tower, when I spied something that I relate to much better — a gleaming Ducati motorcycle parked by the curb! As I was admiring this magnificent machine, its owner, a guy about my age, appeared. Now, I don't speak any Italian beyond hello, good-bye, please, and thank you, and the Ducati owner had a similar knowledge of English, but we both spoke fluent motorcycle. We managed to while away a pleasant hour or so having quite a discussion about the value of desmodromic heads and reed-valve carburetors. Nifty bike. Nice guy. Small planet, huh?

Meanwhile, back at the fair, the item that emerged as Marvel's number one attraction was EPIC Illustrated magazine. The competition among foreign publishers for the rights to EPIC was fierce. There's a reason for that. Brace yourselves for a plug, now — EPIC is terrific! Even though it doesn't fall under my editorial domain, I had quite a bit to do with EPIC's creation and early success, so I felt very proud of the respect and admiration it garnered overseas. Archie Goodwin, Editorial Director of EPIC, and Mary Jo Duffy, Associate Editor do an incredible job — and it's not going unnoticed around the world. And that was a nice habit to bring home to them! Goodwin's still smiling.

OR, AT LEAST, HE WAS...

Until he arrived at his new office at Marvel's new address for the first time and discovered that the carpet layers had run out of carpet by the time they got around to the EPIC offices! Some how-do-you-do for "the next plateau," huh? Of course, as with any large-scale move, lots of things went wrong — but all in all, things went pretty well. The new Bullpen is light and airy and bigger than the entire town of Nanty Glo, PA. We're still getting adjusted and making it into home, but generally everyone seems pleased with the new digs. Would you believe that our first housewarming card arrived at 9:15 A.M. on our first day here? It was from Mrs. Eleanor Shooter, my mother. Aww...

MOVING NOTES...

While pecking, paste-up man Momie Kuramoto turned up an old, old Marvel phone list with former Bullpenners Mario Puzo on it. We knew him when...

Naturally, before the move we had a "Farewell Old Bullpen Party" at the old place highlighted by a Padle-Whacker Contest — you know, those wooden paddles with rubber balls attached to them by elastic strings? Well, Vice-President Mike Hobson and I could only manage eight hits apiece and finished near the bottom. Production Veep Mill Schiffman outdid most of the young upstart Bullpenners with an im-

pressive twenty hits, but the Assistant Production Supervisor Ron Zalme whacked an incredible fifty-seven hits to win. No sooner had he claimed his prize, though, than Editor Mark Gruenwald's lovely wife, Belinda Glass, casually picked up a spare whacker and easily rattled off sixty-one!

MEANWHILE, UPSTATE...

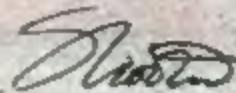
While Marvel was moving, ace inker, Joe Sinnott, was hard at work — coaching a basketball team! The Marvel Comics team (catchy name, huh?) which Joe sponsors as well as coaches, finished this season with eight wins against only two losses to take the championship of the Saugerties Athletic Association Senior Boys League! Nice work, Joe... as usual!

A CLOSING THOUGHT...

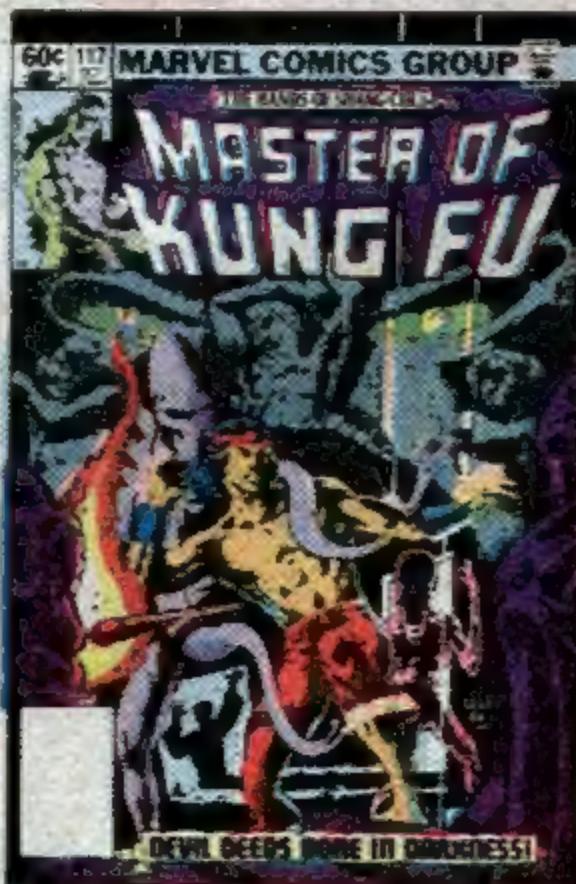
I've been getting a lot of mail lately, and that's good. Please write. All of us here love to read what you have to say about our work and life in general. You may not get a reply — in fact, you probably won't get a reply because there are too many letters, too few of us, and too little time, but since I've been Editor-in-Chief, Shooter's First Law of Mail has been in effect: All incoming mail shall be opened and read by the addressee. That means if your letter is addressed to me, I'll open it and I'll read it. No one screens anyone's mail here and none of it is ignored. Okay? Keep in mind that comments about a particular title should be addressed to that title's lettercol, but if you've got something general to say — a comment about the covers on Editor Al Milgrom's titles, for instance — you can address your letter to Al and know he'll read it. I wanted you to know that.

Till next month.

Arrivederci!



P.S. I can't hold it back! If I don't at least mention this, I'm going to explode! Ready? The EPIC COMICS GROUP is coming! There. That feels better. That's all I'm allowed to say, now... but I'll be able to tell you more about it next month!



We're getting better all the time!

THE HYPE BOX

KA-ZAR #19 — A bullet lodged in his brain, Ka-Zar walks the streets of New York. Bruce and Brent have gone out on a limb with this one. It's the unique brand of Ka-Zar wit and adventure, with all the possibilities of the Big Apple added in. The mature is dynamite! And don't miss this month's wrap-around cover and off-the-wall funnies slacking the Jones kids.

MOON KNIGHT #24 — Seen BILL SIENKIEWICZ's art (pencils, inks, and tones) on this mag lately? It fairly explodes off the pages. We think Bill has broken through to a new level of storytelling artistry. Please — don't miss Moon Knight!

WHAT IF #35 — Written by FRANK MILLER. Breakdowns by FRANK MILLER. Finishes by TERRY AUSTIN. "What If Elektra Had Lived?" Nuff said.

MARVEL SUPER SPECIAL #24: X-MEN TEEN TITANS — This is the big one. The two groups together against Darkseid and Dark Phoenix!! Do not miss "Apocalypse... Now!" By CLAREMONT, SIMONSON and AUSTIN!

THE MIGHTY MARVEL CHECKLIST

- MARVEL TWO-IN-ONE #92** — The Thing and Doctor! 
- TEAM AMERICA #5**
- SPIDER-WOMAN #46**
- G. I. JOE #4**
- DAZZLER #20**
- KA-ZAR #19**
- DENNIS THE MENACE #12**
- DAREDEVIL #187** — Featuring the all-new Black Widow! 
- AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #233**
- CAPTAIN AMERICA #274**
- THOR #324**
- MICRONAUTS #46**
- GHOST RIDER #73**
- MOON KNIGHT #24**
- HERCULES (Limited Series #2)**
- CONAN THE MOVIE #1**
- DR. STRANGE #55** — Art by MICHAEL GOLDEN and TERRY AUSTIN
- WOLVERINE (Limited Series) #2**
- INCREDIBLE HULK #276**
- AVENGERS #224**
- CONAN #139**
- MARVEL TALES #144** — Reprinting Amazing Spider-Man #7, by LEE and DITKO
- X-MEN #162**
- ROM #35**
- POWER-MAN IRON FIST #86**
- ANNIE #1**
- FANTASTIC FOUR #247**
- MARVEL TEAM-UP #122** — Spider-Man and Man-Thing! 
- IRON MAN #163**
- PETER PARKER, THE SPECTACULAR SPIDER-MAN #71**
- DEFENDERS #112**
- STAR WARS #64**
- MASTER OF KUNG FU #117** — The return of Fu Manchu! 
- WHAT IF #35** — "What If Elektra Had Lived?", written, penciled and inked by FRANK MILLER
- BLADE RUNNER #1**

MARVEL MAGAZINES

- CRAZY #90**
- THE SAVAGE SWORD OF CONAN #80**

MARVEL SUPER SPECIALS

- #24: X-MEN TEEN TITANS** — See Hype Box.

MARVEL ANNUALS

- INCREDIBLE HULK ANNUAL #1** — The Hulk, Spider-Man, and the Avengers vs. the Leader!
- MARVEL TWO-IN-ONE ANNUAL #7** — The Thing, Colossus, Sasquatch, the Hulk, Thor, Wonder Man, Sub-Mariner and many more vie for the Championship of the Universe!

MARVEL GRAPHIC NOVELS

- #3: DREADSTAR** — Continuing J.M. STARLIN's Metamorphosis Odyssey.

"The car was too low. I leaped again...onto a bus. Zhora was almost to a subway entrance..."

BA-VOW!

"She died then, I suppose."

"Thanks to superior Tyrell craftsmanship, she kept running. And I kept firing. It took a plate glass window display case to **END** it..."

"In one side...out the other."

"Zhora must have been the meal ticket for Roy Batty's group. It's a tough world, even reps gotta eat. Only right then... Their meal ticket looked kinda used up."

"I wanted to be happy about it, but I had a feeling it wasn't gonna work that way. I had the feeling I was gonna get the worst case of shakes I ever had."

"The feeling didn't get better after the uniformed cops arrived to take over. Not when I turned from the scene and saw who was among the on-lookers."



"...and found Rachel wasn't the ~~ONLY~~ unhappy witness to my night's work."

HEY! WHAT--?

MY PICTURES...! YOU TRACKED ZHORA BY USIN' MY PICTURES, DIDN'T YOU? DIDN'T YOU?

"I threw a punch, but Leon was already swinging me, slamming me around into the parked garbage hauler. Over and over."

HOW OLD AM I, BLADE RUNNER? HOW LONG DO I HAVE TO LIVE?

F-FOUR... FOUR YEARS...!

MORE THAN NOW.

TO BE CONTINUED...